THE

Follies of France;

OR,

A True RELATION of the Extravagant Rejoycings that were made by the *French* King's Command, in moſt Cities of *France*, for the pretended Death of His Majeſty (*WILLIAM*, KING of *Great-Britain*) contained in a Letter, written from a *Roman Catholick* Citizen of *Paris* (by way of *Holland*) to his Correſpondent in *London*.

Tranſlated from the *French* Original.

THE preſent Letter having very fortunately fallen into my hands, I judged it worthy to be committed to the Preſs, that all the World might be informed of thoſe exceſſive Tranſports, *and other unaccountable* Fopperies *that were tranſacted in* France *by order of the Court, upon the imaginary Death of King* WILLIAM; *and particularly, becauſe the Author ſeems to be ſo abundantly aſſured of the truth of all theſe proceedings, being an Eye-witneſs of them at* Paris.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

Paris, Auguſt the 8th. 1690.

SIR,

I have been very regular and conſtant in Writing to you, nevertheleſs I was obliged to take ſome time to put my ſelf in a capacity of ſatisfying your laſt demands, that I might ſend you nothing but the Truth, and withal, a particular account of every memorable Circumſtance. You'l be no loſer by this delay of mine, ſince inſtead of a bare Letter, you receive a kind of an Epiſtle. However it is, *Sir*, you'l find an exact relation of what I have either been an Eye-witneſs, or informed my ſelf from unqueſtionable hands upon this occaſion.

The defeat of the *Iriſh* Army, and the return of King *James*, was matter of extraordinary mortification, not only to our Court, but to all *France* in general: However this Conſternation (Heaven be praiſed) was not of long continuance, and our ſorrow was immediately converted into joy by reaſon of the mighty News which the King commanded to be publiſhed from the Twenty ſeventh to the Twenty eighth Night of the laſt Month, by the Cannon of the *Baſtile*, which was diſcharged about Three a Clock in the Morning; and by the Commiſſioners, who, at the ſame time, knocked at the Doors of every Citizen without any difference, crying aloud with all their force, *Ariſe, get up, and make Bonefires, the Prince of* Orange, *and Mareſchal* Schomberg *are dead*. This ſolemn declaration, made by His Majeſty's Or-

Order, obliged the whole Town to get up, and pass the remainder of the night, and the following day, in Bonefires, and all other publick testimonies of joy: One could hear nothing but Trumpets, Drums, Hautboys, Fifes, Flutes and Sackbuts; one could see nothing but Tables furnished in every Street, where Wine was not spared in the least. The Religious Fraternities distinguished themselves, and particularly the good Fathers the *Cordeliers*, who spent all night long a prodigious quantity of *Petards*, and other Fireworks in their Garden; and distributed their Wine about in abundance. The same was likewise done at the *Guild hall* of the City, by the expres's Command of the Provost of the Merchants. All the people without exception, and especially those of higher quality, as they passed in their Coaches through the City, were stopped on their way, and forced to drink a Health to King *James*, and the *Prince of Wales*, and to cry out aloud, *The Prince of Orange is dead*. They burnt the Effigies of the *Prince*, and his *Royal Spouse* the *Princess*, in several places, as they had done before at their Bonefires for the Battel of *Flerus*, and the *Naval Engagement*. They dragged them through the City, where they made a solemn Procession; and there was neither Man nor Woman, great nor small among the People, who did not throw Dirt and Stones at them. Nay, their Indignation was carried higher, they hanged the *Prince of Orange in Effigies* in abundance of Places: amongst the rest they led him up and down by way of Procession, with a *Devil* who was to carry him to Hell, having before him a piece of Paper thus inscribed, *I have waited for thee these two years*. During these mighty Rejoycings, they broke open the Houses of several of the New Converts, and particularly a Grocer's in the *Fauxburghs* of St. *Germain*; they affixed to their Gates a Portraiture of the Prince of *Orange*, crying *He's dead*. They demanded money of others to exempt them from pillaging, and forced 'em to give it, after having committed a thousand Outrages upon their Persons. In fine, Sir, I am able to acquaint you, That not the most advantagious Successes we ever met with, nay not the Birth of an *Infant* of *France*, however it was universally desired, ever found so agreeable an entertainment, which gave occasion for one of our celebrated Poets to say;

Though Paris *such Triumphs and Joy has expres't,*
For the Prince that in Ireland *was slain:*
The news of his death does not half fill my breast,
As the fear of his rising again.

You will see, Sir, a great deal of pleasant Poetry on this Subject in a certain remarkable Paper, which I have sent you, composed after the manner of an Interment, which they have made of the *Prince*'s Body in *Ireland*; it being a very curious Piece engraved here in the City, by one of the most eminent Masters in that Art, and is every where publickly Sold.

With this good News of the Prince of *Orange*'s Death, we have received some other welcome Passages, as well from *Savoy*, as *Germany*. If they happen to prove true, we shall scarce find Wood enough to furnish out our Bonefires; and we assuredly hope before the end of the *Campaign*, to have no more Enemies to exercise our Valour upon, let their numbers be never so great.

These Revellings and Masquerades continued till the 29th of the last Month in this City, at *Versailles*, and St *Germain's en laye*, where three or four thousand Persons being assembled together, they made their Supplications to King *James*, who arrived there on the 25th to inform them, whether the News of the death of his Son in Law was certain: And some of the *King*'s Officers assuring them that nothing was more sure, they made the same rejoycing at St. *Germains*

matins as they did in this City; which Examples were copied by those of *Lyons*, where the Shops was shut up for the space of three days successively, as well as in several other places, for the greater solemnization of this *Festival*.

It was not only at *Lyons*, and other principal Cities, that the People testified so much joy for the Death of the Prince of *Orange*, our irreconciliable Enemy: *Sedan* particularly distinguished it self among the rest, as one of my Friends, a Gentleman of very good Credit acquainted me, who happen'd to be upon the Spot, when this Affair was transacting; and it was not many days ago.

On *Sunday* the 30th of *July*. They caused such Bonefires to be made there, as they had never seen before upon any occasion. The meanest Person was rated at a good round Sum to defray the Expence, without reckoning the Burgesses, who endeavoured all they could to outvy one another in the Magnificence of the Show. They were not forgetful to cause several Representations of the *Prince* to be made. His *Highness* was exposed to several Fires, having a Tobacco pipe in his Mouth; he was carried to the two *Fauxbourgs* in a large Frame, and the *Princess* his *Royal Consort*, was after the like manner carried to the House of the *Capuchins*; they had both of them *Inscriptions* before and behind, with these words in vast legible Characters, *The Usurpers*. There was never a Person present, who did not pour forth some horrible Reproaches or other upon both of them. They began the Festival before the Lodgings of the Governor, with thirty discharges of Cannon, and three Vollies of the whole Garison. All the several Companies marched in Procession to the *Dauphin-Fountain*, which run with Wine in abundance, and all those that had a mind to it, drank their Belly full. All the principal Officers performed wonderful things, and afterwards received a splendid Entertainment from the Governor. There arrived here a Courier with especial Orders to signify to them the Death of the Prince of *Orange*. Immediately after this, the chief Magistrate of the Place, published this agreeable News through the whole Town with the Harmony of Drums, Violins, Hautboys and Flutes, crying in a loud and intelligible Voice, *Come along Gentlemen, redouble your Joys, That Tyrant the Prince of* Orange *is dead, the Usurper is dead, redouble your Bonefires*. Then the Artillery was discharged, and the same instant, five Pieces of Canon began to thunder, which extremely affrighted the weak and giddy Multitude. This triumph continued all the Night, till eight in the Morning, at which time all the ingenious Wits of the Town laid their Heads together, to concert the matter how they should order the Funeral of the Prince of *Orange*. A certain Spark, *Hamoir* by Name, began the Sport with making the *Epitaph*, which is such a wretched piece of Stupidity and Dulness, that I would not give my self the trouble to transcribe it for you. Another Virtuoso, whose Name was *Van Veld*, a Native of *Leiden*, made the *Prince*'s Effigies, which had the Honour afterwards to be burnt. There was likewise another Picture of him, to serve at the Interment, at which entertaining Ceremony, every Body was obliged to assist: They dragged it through the whole Town to the *Torcy*, then it was hanged with the Heels upwards for a considerable space; at last it was thrown into the *Garene*, which is the receptacle of all the Filth and Ordure of the City. There was a prodigious Concourse of People all the while; but he that made himself the most remarkable for his extraordinary Zeal, was the above-mentioned Mons. *Hamoir*, who carried about a certain kind of a Kettle, in shape somewhat resembling a Coffin: He had along with him a company of Mourners; *Lepine* the Drummer, commonly call'd the Cuckold, had a Frying-pan cover'd over with black Cloath, upon which he beat a very mournful Tune before the Corps, that was encompassed with a trusty Guard of Halberticrs. One *Jardon*, who was Born at *Veroye*, and had been often at *Maestricht*, signaliz d himself very particularly

cularly in this honourable Action, by abundance of fooliſh things he both ſaid and did, during the time of this pretty Repreſentation. The Women too had their ſhare in this Feſtival, my Friend aſſuring me, that there were ſeveral of them, who to celebrate the Show with that *Devoir* and Solemnity that was requiſite, abandon'd themſelves to all manner of Debauchery. The holy Fools of *Donchery* purſued the Frolick, ſomewhat farther than thoſe of *Sedan*; but the religious Lunaticks of *Maizieres*, behaved themſelves ſo, as if they had been actually poſſeſſed. If I were acquainted with the Bravery and Valour of Gollip *Poncelet* of *Rhemes* upon this ſcore, I had not failed to ſend you a full Information. That which is exceeding remarkable in regard of the Couriers is this, that they arrived at all theſe places exactly at the ſame time, altho they are not equally diſtant from *Paris*.

It is high time now to draw towards a Concluſion, and yet I cannot prevail with my ſelf to do it, without ſaying ſomething of what happen'd at *Bayeux*, in lower *Normandy*. About Fifteen days ago, they ſolemnized the Death of the Prince of *Orange* there, with ſuch an extraordinary Zeal, that one durſt not contradict ſo ill grounded a piece of *News*, without running the hazard of being ſtoned. They ordered ſeveral Repreſentations of the *Prince* to be made there; ſome of which were caſt into the common Jakes, others were Hang'd, and ſome fell into the pious Hands of the Butchers, who divided them into four Quarters, after the ſame manner as they ſerve the poor Beaſt, who have gifted the Civilities of the Slaughter-houſe. In ſhort, there is no ſort of brutality to be imagined, which theſe well-bred Gentlemen did not commit upon this occaſion, amidſt the tumult and hurry of ſo publick a Rejoycing.

Neither was there leſs done at *Diepe*, than at *Bayeux*, on the ſcore of this Solemnity.

The Name of the Prince of *Orange*, is here become ſo odious and execrable, that they cannot endure to ſee him ſo much as in a piece of Painting. It is almoſt an Age ago, ſince at a certain Houſe in *Diepe*, there was ſet up the Prince of *Orange*'s Head for a Sign. The Judg of the Town enjoyn'd the Maſter of the Houſe to take down the Sign immediately; the Maſter at firſt made ſome difficulty to do it, repreſenting to the Judge, that he ought to addreſs himſelf to the Proprietor of the Houſe; and that for his part, he being but only a Tenant, the Expence and Charge was not in Juſtice to fall upon him. But all theſe Remonſtrances were to no purpoſe; he was obliged to obey without any more ado; and by Order of the Juſtice, to ſet up the Prince of *Wales*, in the place of the Prince of *Orange*, who was immediately hurried away to Priſon, with beating of Drums, and other great Triumphing.

I have found all theſe Paſſages ſo very ſingular and extraordinary, that I was deſirous to communicate them to you, who are my particular good Friend, and from whom I would willingly conceal nothing. If there ſhould happen hereafter any thing, that deſerves to be tranſmitted to you, I will not fail to oblige you with it by the firſt opportunity. Entertain, I beſeech you, Sir, the ſame Complaiſance for your Friend, if any curious matters ſhould happen in your parts. However ſend me nothing which is not exactly true, and therein follow the Example of your moſt humble and moſt obedient Servant. Farewel.

F I N I S.

Licenſed, Auguſt 11. 1690. *J. F.*

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